FROM CLARE TO HERE
Ralph McTell

There's four who share this room as we work hard for the crack
And sleeping late on Sundays I never get to Mass

It's a long way from Clare to here
It's a long way from Clare to here
It's a long, long way, it grows further by the day
It's a long way from Clare to here

When Friday comes around Terry's only into fighting
My ma would like a letter home but I'm too tired for writing

Chorus

It almost breaks my heart when I think of Josephine
I told her I'd be coming home with my pockets full of green

Chorus

And the only time I feel alright is when I'm into drinking
It sort of eases the pain of it and levels out my thinking

Chorus

I sometimes hear a fiddle play or maybe it's a notion
I dream I see white horses dance upon that other ocean

Chorus

It's a long, long way from Clare to here.